

Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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INVOCATION TO SPRING.

Lovely season! balmy Spring!
Come and all thy gladness bring!
Come on beds of fairer flowers!
With fragrance of magnolia bowers!
Come and paint the violet blue,
And the lily's charm renew:
Lovely season! balmy Spring!
Come, and round thy beauties fling!

Soon amid the vernal grove,
Will appear the birds we love,
Sweetest notes that mount on high,
Greeting Spring's uncertain sky,
Are the gentle sounds that float
From these warbler's tuneful throat:
Lovely season! balmy Spring!
Come and all thy birding bring!

Come and give the rose its bloom,
And the flow'rs their perfume,
And the verdant fields bestow
With thy pearly drops of dew.

Lovely season! balmy Spring!
Come with fragrance on thy wing.
Come, adorned in artless style,
Come, and let creation smile.

From the Portland Transcript.

MONEY IS ALL.

This is what they say, I know, but that doesn't quite make it so. Money is an excellent thing, and has done a great work for the world—as the drunken sailor said water had for navigation; but sometimes it so happens that when a man secures all he aims at, he is discontented as before he had a dollar in his house.

The girls make the most of the mischief in the matter; for they will hardly look at anybody who is not rich; and hence many a young fellow, who is competent to make a woman happy all her days, is obliged to take up with shivery bachelor's commons, till he is either in luck or in his grave. And that is often just about the same thing.

Sarah Storms was one of a family of seventeen daughters; and that family unfortunately shared to be poor. Hence the mother kept a sharp eye on all the opportunities that offered for "matches." She grew as keen as an operator in State street, and didn't disguise it as half as much, either. Sarah ought to have been married long ago, said her mother. She was—I am not going to guess how old; but old enough to take the prefix, Mrs., certainly. Her mother had been looking out for her, and she had been looking out for herself. Two or three energetic, enterprising and likely young men had bestowed their favors in vain, and two or three more had concluded that it was no use for them to try either. So there she was, pretty well ashore, as you can see for yourself. What to do she didn't know, till along came a rich, old bachelor—both rich and old—who seemed to have moved into the place expressly for the purpose of relieving the worthy Storms family of their trouble. He was a stranger to everybody. All that was known of him was that he was rich. And for Mrs. Storms, and Sarah, too, that was enough. It was enough for all the money hunters besides. To find a rich stranger come to settle among them, was like waking up some fine morning, and finding the whole menagerie—elephant and all—right before their doors.

It would make a deacon laugh in meeting, to tell him the many little devices that were practised by the mother Storms, to first enlist, and then engross the attention of Mr. Mulligan, the rich stranger. And they did it; of course they did, though every other female in town cut them off from their friendship in consequence. Then, having secured his acquaintance, how they watched, and worked, and contrived, to win over him—well, his partiality—and they did that, too. All the world could not have stopped them. Other girls were jealous, and held back; this only gave the Storms a clearer field for operation. What did Mrs. Storms know about Mr. Mulligan's disposition? Nothing. What did she care? Less. What did she think of, but the swiftest way of marrying off her darling daughter, and marry her so well?

And she succeeded in that, too. Sarah Storms had a pretty, infantile face, and showed a row of teeth as white as curls whenever she laughed. She had a rather tall and graceful figure too, and took pains to show a pretty foot as often as Mr. Mulligan was in the way of seeing it. And what did he know about women—or matrimony—or any of the finer and fairer qualities that are so essential to domestic felicity? Nothing—nothing—nothing. Sarah was a pretty girl, and he liked her looks—she appeared to be very attentive to him, and his fancy bewildered and deluded him. So he stole over one evening, and offered himself plump. She didn't refuse him, and you needn't think she did. Nor did her mother sit down after he had gone until Sarah had told her the story, and cried an hour or two about it. No, kind reader, you know better as well as I do. They made a family Thanksgiving over the event, hoping that every other family in the town felt like instituting a Fast. They were married. Sarah Storms was straightway Mrs. Mulligan. Some of the girls said they never would own such a name; but it is fair to say of them that they were envious. How could they well help it, when Sarah had drawn the only prize, and they nothing but a dromedary blank? They made a great party on the occasion, and a great fuss. All the town and country were set in an uproar, just because an old man was going to marry a young girl—as if that would mend the matter at all, when there was no such thing as mending it in the world. Mr. Mulligan moved his new young wife into a nice house, nicely furnished, and told her there she was, moaning;

I suppose, that now there was no help for her. But she thought he only meant that she was the mistress. Everything was in order. Everything was fine. The rooms were newly furnished, but lacked the cozy look of home. The walls were high and chilly. The atmosphere was a strange atmosphere, and Sarah didn't know for a time whether she was going to get used to it. But there she was, alone and thoughtful. Before this, she believed that as soon as she was married, all her old friends would flock in to see her and express their envy of her good luck. That would make her so much happier, you know. But not a living soul came near her. A few middle-aged people, old housekeepers themselves, dropped in to make wedding calls, but as for young folks, her schoolmates and playmates, they kept away from her, and looked askance at her in meeting.

"Never mind!" thought she to herself. At least, I can make up for it, by having my sisters and my mother around me." Yes, she tried that experiment, and tried it thoroughly. This was the way of it. She could not bear to be left alone so much—no young girl could.—Therefore, she sent for her family to come and share her good fortune freely. And they came. Susan, and Julia, and Ellen, and Fanny, and Mary, they were all there, with their mother, and Elizabeth besides. They were there every day. Some of them stayed to dinner; some stayed to supper; some were there all through the evening. They took the house by storm, without trying to come short of a pun by a single letter; overhauled the kitchen, the parlor, the pantry. In all her domestic arrangements, great and small, they had busy and energetic hands. They arranged the table, and hunted over Mr. Mulligan's wardrobe. They wondered, and held up their hands, and admired: in truth, they—the Storms family—and not Mulligan's wardrobe, became occupants of his newly bought and furnished house. Mr. Mulligan began to grow nettled.

"Sarah," said he, one day, "don't go to your mother's so much." It did not sound like a request; it was an order. She looked up at him in surprise.

"I think your friends are here altogether more than is for your good." And he plucked his face in a newspaper.

The strangest feelings came over her. Did she ever stop to think that her husband would address such language to her as that—and so soon after marriage, too? Not long after, Sarah's mother sent her a nice pudding for dinner. "See here," said the young wife to her husband. "See what the folks have sent in."

"A pudding, hey! Well how many do they expect you to send back again?"—and utterly refused to taste a bit of it.

Sarah's heart was cut again. A young girl like her never had thought such things of her husband, especially as she knew beforehand how rich he was. He could have fed the Storms family the year round, and not have felt it; the trouble was he wouldn't.

Christmas came along. "Mr. Mulligan," said she, teasingly. He grunted a monosyllable at her, and listened. "I want to make mother a present, you know, she has been so kind to us since we were married."

"Altogether too kind," he answered.

Her eyes filled instantly. "But I can't help wanting to do something for my own mother," said she.

"Then why don't you do it? but not with my money, let me tell you."

There it was. She had married his pile of money, without stopping to consider what kind of a man she was likely to get along with it; and now she was learning at a terrible cost of her happiness. Of course, the Storms family heard of his sentiments toward her. But she was satisfied for a time to ponder upon it by herself. There was ever so much pride in the way to begin with; and how could she make a needless fuss before the public? Therefore, she concluded to be silent, to see how matters would come out. One evening again, Sarah made a little party unbeknown to her husband; she thought that thus she could avoid irritating him. For he seemed to have grown so crabbed and cross of late, there was no trying to do anything with him.

They were all assembled in one room, and having the gayest time of it you can think of. Susan, and Julia, and Ellen, Fanny and Elizabeth—they were there in the best of dress and the highest of spirits—together with Mrs. Storms, of course. She had engineered this little affair herself, all with her own hands and brain. This she meant as a sort of *comp d'etat* to show Mr. Mulligan, the husband of her daughter Sarah Mulligan, that there were some things that could be done just as well as others, and that she knew how to do them too. So there was her whole family, except Mr. Storms, but he was nobody. Such a time as they were having. The "best lamps" were lighted, and made day of the darkest corners. The fire glowed in a mass of living coals, warming every hand and heart there was there. Sarah looked as composed and courageous as she possibly could, while her mother kept one eye on the rest, and the other—and the better one—on the door. If Mr. Mulligan came in, she was to assume responsibility, authority, everything else. Sarah was to go just for nothing.

"I'll break him of this habit of growling," "I'll break him of this habit of growling," "I'll break him of this habit of growling," thought Mrs. Storms; "and the sooner it's done the better for him and for us. I'll let

him know that I am still my daughter's mother, and that I never threw her away when I consented to let her marry him. We shall see who rules, and see pretty soon, I'm thinking."

The fun went on—games, plays, romps, chat and laughter. The room was a little world of life and happiness. Mrs. Storms pretended to take a part in them herself, but still she was uneasy, not to say uncomfortable. Sarah didn't know exactly how she did feel. She felt like anybody but the mistress or even the vicegerent of her own house. She was thinking of her lord—thinking she had a great deal rather he would stay out a while, than come in. But her thinking about it made but little difference, for before even mother Storms herself was aware of it, the door opened, and in he bolted. He stood stock-still for a moment, surveying them all. Then he marched straight to his chair by the fire, and thumped down into it with a rich man's emphasis. Mrs. Storms ventured to accept him first.

"I'd like to know whose house you think this is," he replied to her.

"Mr. Mulligan," said she, assuming a vast deal of dignity, "your wife is my daughter."

"And that's all the relationship. I wish you'd remember it. I didn't marry the whole family."

The mother grew red and lost her temper.—"Do you mean to say, sir," she asked, "that we are not at liberty to come into our house?"

"This is my house."

"And as much hers as yours."

"Never! Just recollect that if you please, I own my own property. I promised only to support her. And here I find I have a whole family on my shoulders. It appears too much like beggars."

"Beggars! sir?" demanded Mrs. Storms.—"Do you call us beggars, sir?"

"It's getting to be not much better, I can assure you."

"Sarah, do you hear that? Do you intend to sit and hear your mother and your own sisters insulted before your face, in your own house, too? Will you submit to that, my daughter?"

"You have no authority, madam," said Mr. Mulligan. "You had better leave. I am master here."

Upon which she got up in a rage, and bade all her daughters to follow her, Sarah inclusive.

"I command you to stay here with me! said the husband to his wife." Sarah set up to cry.

"Come along with your mother," said the latter, going forward and taking a persuasive hold of her.

"If you go, I forbid you this house forever," said he. "You leave at your own peril."

The mother was too much for her. Even she, designing as she was, forgot the consequences, and trooped off with the rest. She hoped that Mr. Mulligan would come round in the morning, and be sorry for it. So in the morning, she sent for some of her daughter's clothes. But the determined husband would not let a single rag go.

He said he knew his rights, and he intended to maintain them. And he did. The consequence of it was, that a separation at once took place; the matter became public scandal; Sarah was a poor, broken down woman; her mother fretted her own and her family's happiness all away; and Mr. Mulligan moved off to other and distant quarters. And so this bubble of Mrs. Storms' own blowing, had broken, and fallen a mere tear drop to the ground. But not a girl in all that town has thought to give away her heart or her hand since, without first making particular inquiry in relation to the temper as well as the pocket of her future husband. All the other young ladies would do well to take a hint or two from their example.

For the "Raftsmen's Journal."

NEWSPAPERS AND POETRY.

What a variety of taste and style do we meet with in the journals of the day. Some give us the news; others are filled with dry discussions of political questions; some contain little else than advertisements; others again are devoted to manures and guano, potatoes and hemp; some are concerned about what they call scientific discoveries, and others about theology and abstruse morals, forgetting that "God is love, and that he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God."

Mr. Editor: Why cannot we have in the same journal, what we ought to have in the same life, if that life is a harmonious one? As we ought to be religious, cannot we have some theology, something devotional; as we ought to be honest, cannot we have something on morals; as it is our duty to be progressive, cannot we have something on science; and something too, on agriculture and domestic economy, as we have both stomachs and backs to support. As we are inquisitive creatures, let us have the news of the day. Let us have too, a good portion of politics, for in this country we all belong to the nobility, we are all kings and queens. And last, don't deprive us of poetry, for our natures require this too.—We have hearts to be educated, we have affections and sympathies to be developed, we have tastes to be refined, and poetry, with children and female society, are the means of doing it. No journal should be without its "poet's corner." I would as soon see an old bachelor, shut himself out from the beautiful and lovely of earth, as a journal without poetry. No personal allusions, Mr. Editor, but without poetry, children and female society, the world would be only one great Sahara.

Why, Mr. Editor, a newspaper without poetry, is like a family without children, or a garden without flowers. What would the world be without children? It would soon grow savage and barbarous, then old and sour, and die at last with the ache of the heart. I know some persons never read what is in the poet's corner; but there are also some strange nondescripts who are equally displeased with what they are pleased to call the incumbrances of life. Those who can call children by this name ought to be hung at once to save them from committing a crime worthy of this death. It is true, you cannot talk theology or philosophy to children, but they can talk these things to you. And you have a heart, and children can draw out and educate that heart as no other can. As the dew refreshes nature, as well as the showers and the sun, so do the prattle and merry laugh of children cultivate the heart, and draw out its amiabilities. So it is, Mr. Editor, with poetry. It speaks to the heart, as sun-light to the flowers; it comforts the soul, as dew the withered grass; it mellow as softens our nature like the smiles and kisses of infants. Those who dislike poetry and children, look down upon the world like marble statues, with their eyes of stone; having just a little heart of flesh, as these their stony prototypes.

They don't read poetry! Well they ought to read it to thaw out their icy natures, to humanize their savage heart. They don't read poetry! And for the same reason, too, that the sick don't eat food; their whole moral nature is diseased, the fountain of human sympathy is dried up, their humanity has given place to the selfish propensities of the brute. Women and children read poetry, and ever will. There is a nature in them that sends back an echo to every stroke of poetic beauty, and a chord in their hearts that vibrates to every touch of poetic tenderness. Bless God for this oasis in the sandy deserts of life. The selfish propensities have not dried out of their hearts all the holier sympathies of nature, nor have they rendered them incapable of participating in the joys and sorrows, in the emotions and tastes of others.

Mr. Editor, I have sent you several letters from "John," which you were pleased to publish. The above train of thought was suggested by reading a letter from "John" to a little girl, named Florence, or Floy, a daughter of G. W. McCully. I transcribe the verses, and send them to you for publication. I know they will be enjoyed by your readers, and especially by those who know "John," for "none know him, but to love him, none name him but to praise."

VERSE TO THE MIRAGE, IS VERY BEAUTIFUL.—

"The mirage waters, mocking as they flow,
Warn us to keep our spirits pure below."
Under favorable circumstances, the people of Kansas are permitted to see the most beautiful mirage. The image of the stream, the slopes, the groves, are painted on the air above, and are seen in all their beauty, and more than all, for a larger view is thus had of the whole scene, than could be had from any one point of observation. The two first stanzas give us a beautiful picture of Kansas scenery.

Yours truly,
Glenhope, March 21st, 1857.

UTAH.

RESIGNATION OF JUDGE DRUMMOND.
To the Hon. J. S. Black, Attorney General of the U. S. Washington City, D. C.:

My Dear Sir:—As I have concluded to resign the office of Justice of the Supreme Court of the Territory of Utah, which position I accepted in A. D. 1854, under the administration of President Pierce, I deem it due to the public to give some of the reasons why I do so. In the first place, Brigham Young, the Governor of Utah Territory, is the acknowledged head of the "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints," commonly called "Mormons," and as such head the Mormons look to him, and to him alone, for the law by which they are to be governed; therefore no law of Congress is by them considered binding in any manner.

Secondly, I know that there is a secret oath-bound organization among all the male members of the church, to acknowledge no law save the law of the "Holy Priesthood," which comes to the people through Brigham Young, direct from God, he, Young, being the vice-gerent of God and prophetic successor of Joseph Smith, who was the founder of this blind and treasonable organization.

poisonous liquors, given to him under the order of the leading men of the Mormon Church, in Great Salt Lake City; that the late Secretary of the Territory, A. W. Babbitt, was murdered on the plains, by a band of mormon marauders, under the particular and special order of Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball and J. M. Grant, and not by the Indians, as reported by the Mormons themselves, and that they were sent from Salt Lake City for that purpose, and that only; and as members of the Danite Band, they were bound to do the will of Brigham Young, as the head of the Church, or forfeit their own lives.

These reasons, with many others that I might give, which would be too heart-rending to insert in this communication, have induced me to resign the office of Justice of the Territory of Utah, and again return to my adopted State of Illinois. My reason for making this communication thus public, is that the Democratic party, with which I have always strictly acted, is the party now in power, and therefore is the party that should see he held responsible for the treasonable and disgraceful state of affairs that now exist in Utah Territory. I could, sir, if necessary, refer to a cloud of witnesses to attest the reasons I have given, and the charges, bold as they are, against those despots who rule with an iron hand their hundred thousand souls in Utah, and their two hundred thousand out of that notable Territory, but shall not do so for the reason that the lives of such gentlemen as I should designate in Utah and California would not be safe for a single day.

In conclusion, sir, I have to say, that in my career as Justice of the Supreme Court of Utah Territory, I have the consolation of knowing that I did my duty; that neither threats nor intimidations drove me from that path; upon the other hand, I am pained to say, that I accomplished little good while there; that the Judiciary is only treated as a farce. The only rule of law by which the infatuated followers of this curious people will be governed is the law of the Church, and that emanates from Gov. Brigham Young, and him alone.

I do believe that if there were a man put in office as Governor of that Territory who is not a member of the Church (Mormons), and be supported with a sufficient military aid, that such good would result from such a course; but as the Territory is now governed, and has been since the administration of Mr. Fillmore, at which time Young received his appointment as Governor, it is noon-day madness and folly to attempt to administer the law in that Territory. The officers are insulted, harassed and murdered for doing their duty, and not recognizing Brigham Young as the only law-giver and law-maker on earth. Of this every man can bear incontestable evidence who has been willing to accept an appointment in Utah; and I assure you, sir, that no man would be willing to risk his life and property in that Territory, after once trying the sad experiment.

With an ardent desire that the present Administration will give due and timely aid to the officers that may be so unfortunate as to accept situations in that Territory, and that the withering curse which rests upon this nation by virtue of the peculiar and heart-rending institutions of the Territory of Utah may be speedily removed, to the honor and credit of our happy country.

I now remain, your obedient servant,
W. W. DRUMMOND,
Justice of Utah Territory.
March 20, A. D., 1857.

ONLY ONE O'CLOCK.—Mr.—, coming home late one night from "meeting," was met at the door by his wife.

"Pretty time of night, Mr.—, for you to come home—pretty time, three o'clock in the morning, you, a respectable man in the community, and the father of a family!"

"Tisn't three, it's only one I heard it strike. Council always sits till one o'clock."

"My soul! Mr.—, you're drunk, as true as I am alive, you're drunk—it's three o'clock in the morning."

"I say, Mrs.—, it's one I heard it strike once as I came round the corner, two or three times!"

There is a story extant of a young wag who was once invited to dine with an old gentleman of rather sudden temper. The dining room was on the second floor, and the principal dish was a fine roast ham. When the old gentleman undertook to carve it, he found the knife rather dull, and in a sudden passion flung it down stairs after the servant, who brought it. Whereupon the young gentleman seized the ham, and with admirable dexterity hurried it after the knife.

"What on earth do you mean?" exclaimed the old gentleman, as soon as he could speak.

"I beg your pardon," was the cool reply, "I thought you were going to dine down stairs."

Mrs. Smith, hearing strange sounds, inquired of her new servant if she snored in her sleep. "I don't know, ma'am," replied Becky, "I never lay awake long enough to discover."

Blessed are those who are afraid of thunder—for they shall hesitate about getting married, and keep away from political meetings.

Is there a word in the English language, that contains all the vowels? "Yes, unquestionably."